FARM AND HOME.

Cultivation of the Potato.

Charles W. Murdfield, of St. Louis, and Corresponding Secretary of the Missouri State Board of Agriculture, gives the following suggestions on the cultivation of the potato: "The potato requires a very favorable season and peculiar locality, as well as soil, in this section to produce a fine quality of potato. A sandy soil, upon a clay sub-soil, or a clayey soil with considerable sand mixed, upon limestone, are favorable. Upon a strong clay soil, sand artificially introduced would be a benefit. Humus (vegetable mold) and lime (air slacked) would form a better dressing for the land than fresh manure. The potato delights in a very mellow and rich soil. If fresh manure must be used, it should be employed as a top dressing in the previous autumn. New land, either on the prairie or in the timber, is favorable to the potato.

"As to seed, I can offer the result of one thorough experiment: I planted first, whole, large potatoes; second, medium sized potatoes cut into pieces; next, small potatoes, and lastly, only deeply cut parings; all grew well. The cut pieces were up first and grew finely; next, and very nearly even with these, the large whole potatoes, and lastly the parings, and although those first up were in bloom before the plants from the parings were above ground, there was no perceptible difference in the yield; if any, it was in favor of the cut pieces. It was my practice never to plant potatoes in succession on the same land. Usually I planted what would furnish an abundant family supply on part of my corn field. During the cultivation of the corn, I would always go to and from my work in these rows, thus cultivating almost every day, or every other day, until they were in bloom. My own experience, corroborated by good authority, is that cultivation should then cease."

The Farmer's Gold Mine.

Not every farmer has a gold mine. All might have one. Many have small ones; all might have rich ones; some do have very rich ones. Every intelligent, thinking farmer has a rich mine. The more he works it, the richer it grows from year to year; he is yearly increasing his forces, and the mine is yearly growing larger and richer. By keeping a strict account of the expense of working it, he finds it paying a larger dividend—a hundred per cent. better than the California or Colorado mines average.

What is this mine? It is the barn-yards well filled with manure and composts. This is what I call the farmer's *gold mine*.

The question may arise with some, How am I to get this large quantity of manure? Now is the time to commence, if you have not already; there is no time to be lost. It is necessary in the first place to have compact yards well sheltered, with a suitable area of sheds at least on two sides, and commence immediately to bed down your stock with good straw for that purpose, and in so doing that portion which to a great extent is annually lost to a majority of farmers, keep this practice up until midsummer. Work it over so as to get it well rotted. It pays to yard all stock all summer. In fact, make your barn-yard a receptacle for all vegetable matter. It is a very common practice with many to stack their straw promiscuously around the farm, and let the stock run to it, for shelter, for food, eat what they will, and tread the rest down. This method makes a very small place very rich—too rich to grow small grain or grass on for years, while some draw all their grain to a stock-yard adjacent to the barn, and let their stock run to the stacks of straw during the winter, which is far better than the field practice; but this practice yields comparatively little available manure for use. A much better practice is to draw all your straw into your barn-yard for bedding and absorbing. By a few years of the latter practice you can keep double the stock on the same amount of land.

A farm of one hundred and sixty acres ought to be managed so as to manure ten acres a year, with a good coating, so that you can see the effects of it for years on our rich Illinois soil, and you can grow more corn on that ten acres than is ordinarily raised on twenty acres, after which your small grain and grass will follow in the same ratio.

It does not pay to grow thirty bushels of corn, or forty bushels of oats, or three-fourths of a ton of hay to the acre; your farm runs down, and your purse grows lean with this kind of management. We want to double and treble our crops, and with a little study we can do it. It takes but a few years to go over your tillage land, and you will find it necessary to turn more of your land into pasture, cultivate less and less, curtail expenses, and reap larger profits from year to year.

Let the cry go forth over our rich soil of Illinois, that the manure pile is the farmer's gold mine.

OBSERVER.

In Western Rural.

This month brings active work, usually over-much, and as every man's most precious property is health, this should not be wantonly jeopardized. The fact is, we continually risk too much and often suffer for it most terribly—as is the experience of almost every family in the land. The laws of health in both man and animals cannot be disregarded or violated without a penalty; and it is much more agreeable to keep one's self, one's family, one's laborers, and one's stock in good health than it is to recover health if lost. Steady, regular, hard work is conducive to health, but it must be sustained by good food and shelter. It is a very important matter to most farmers to know how, and to economise the labor of animals. We are very apt to tax them severely one week and let them stand still another, and this irregularity and its accompanying exposures often cause disease. Turning unused horses and oxen to pasture is a remedy, but this is accompanied by inconveniences, unless the animals are not to be used at all. Grooming is a partial cure, and takes the place to a certain degree of both exercise and food. After very hard work for some weeks, horses and oxen must rest and time to recuperate. Liberal feeding is essential, but no severe tax upon the system can be compensated for by food alone. Entire rest is equally important. This should not be continuous however, but it should be given like the feed, at regular intervals, and in connection with moderate labor or exercise. Mere fat gained in the stall is of little use before the plow, and it brings a certain delicacy or tendency to disease.

Plan for a crop of corn for cutting and feeding green to milch cows and hogs; for roots, mangels, carrots and parsnips for feed—the last two to be put in this month; some crops to be sold for cash if you are situated so that this is possible. Some crop may almost always be raised which is nearly as good as money. This in some sections is tobacco, in others fruit, in others broom-corn, in others flaxseed, in others cotton, in others castor-oil beans, etc., etc. As a rule we think some such crop is as advisable as it is usually profitable, if grown understandingly and not in a way, or so largely, as to impoverish the farm. Many food crops may be raised on the same principle, *i. e.* not for feeding out on the place, but for immediate sale.—*American Agriculturist.*

The Salinas Plains in California.

The immense pasture lands of California, where the soil has never been turned, are a constant source of astonishment to strangers, and more particularly those from the Old World accustomed to over-taxed and over-populated countries. Instead of the closely-fenced fields, divided and subdivided among a peasantry who can scarcely glean a subsistence from the exhausted soil, broad plains stretching away for miles, and with fences only at long distances, so long, indeed, that the inclosed space between them would form a large estate for a continental nobleman, meet the eye. The features of the country are a succession of valleys and mountains. Now on the summit of one range of hills and another rises up, as jagged and bold, a dozen miles distant, with between them these long, narrow valleys, so wonderfully productive, so rich in every natural beauty.

Among these pasture lands, over which immense herds of cattle roam year after year, the Salinas Plains are not the least remarkable. They run between the Coast Range and Gavilian Mountains, with the Salinas River running through at the base of the former hills. The river is a shallow, rapid stream, with a sandy bed and crumbling banks, into which, after heavy rains, it makes no slight inroad. The plain is wonderfully level, and, with the exception, of a few acres here and there which have been used for potatoes, and occasionally grain, the plow has never entered the dark rich soil. The cannons leading through the hills are more like an English park, where every art has been used to plant the trees and direct the course of the brook, so as to make the landscape more beautiful than a wild where nature alone has arranged the clusters of oak, trained the sycamores into shaded avenues and wound the stream cunningly around the roots of old trees and through sloping lawns and over miniature cataracts, forming an attractive whole which not wealth and art combined might ever approach. In riding over this plain one encounters immense hetacombs of the bones and skulls of cattle, which the wasteful owners in early times used to slaughter for the hides and tallow. The largest cattle owners in this district at present are Dunphy & Hildreth, whose ranch is situated on the banks of the Salinas. They employ some fifteen or twenty vaqueros to drive and pick out bullocks for the city markets. The vaquero is a curious being, who passes the main portion of his existence on horseback, who sleeps rarely under any roof but the open sky, and who never becomes rich—although he receives good wages for his services in the field. From the day he was first able to toddle about he has had a lariat in his hand, and constant practice has given him a remarkable dexterity in its use. When the vaqueros of Salinas Plains have got together thirty or forty dollars, they quietly retire from work, and direct their steps to Natividad, a little town situated at the entrance of the plains. Here they drink and smoke, dance the fandango, and sleep in the sun until their funds are exhausted, when they again return to work. The Indians are much more attached and faithful than the Mexicans, never deserting the rauche of their employer, for whom they have worked for any extended period.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Poisoned Cheese.

On Thursday a huckster named James Patton was hired by a merchant on Delaware avenue to haul away and bury some cheese which was in the establishment. He loaded his cart and drove off. While driving drown town he thought it would be a good idea to endeavor to dispose of the worthless article at a low figure. Accordingly he entered a small street in the lower portion of the city named Charles, and commenced disposing of the hitherto unmerchantable article at ten cents per pound. A number of families purchased the cheese and ate freely of it. In a short time they were attacked with vomiting and purging, and experienced all the symptoms attendant on cholera morbus.

Mrs. Andrews, residing at No. 1,140 Charles street, stated that she had never been in the habit of purchasing from hucksters, her husband giving her orders to the contrary; but her attention being called to this cheese, she thought it was a bargain, and therefore purchased some of it. The cheese was somewhat mouldy, and she made mention of the fact to Patton, who said that the "mouldiness" only existed in the center, and did not injure the cheese; she gave some of it to her children and ate some herself. In a short time the whole family were attacked with vomiting and a deathly sickness, and she thought for a time that they would all die. Her daughter Susana lay in convulsions the whole night, and the rest of her family were almost similarly affected. Almost all the families in Hay street were poisoned by the same article. One lady stated that her whole family, consisting of five persons, were all attacked with vomiting and purging, and she was forced to call in the family physician.—*Philadelphia Inquirer, Apr. 23d.*

At a negro meeting, lately an Irishman stood listening to a colored speaker, expatiating upon government and freedom; and as the orator came to a "period," the Irishman exclaimed:

"Bedad, he spakes well for a nagur; didn't he now?"

Somebody said: "He isn't a negro, he is only a half-negro."

"Only a half nagur is it? Well, if a half a nagur can speak that way, I am thinking a whole nagur might bate the Prophet Jeremiah."

Louisville Ky., has organized a free-trade league. And yet Kentucky might be one of the richest States in the Union if its immense resources were properly developed by the opening of mines and establishment of manufactures. But it is given over to blindness of mind.

Wise and Otherwise.

Steady on his pegs—a shoemaker.

Why is the hen immortal? Because her son never sets.

Why is a hen sitting on a fence like a new penny? Because it has a head on one side and a tail on the other.

Hiram Powers' statute of Eve, which is near finished, is said to surpass everything that famous sculptor has yet produced.

There's a man down town who keeps a list of all the banks in the country, so as to be able to say he keeps a bank account.

If a man lose all else, and four things still are left him, he can take no harm—temperance, cheerfulness, truth, and trust in God.

Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat? Ans.—Because it is first cradled, and then thrashed and finally becomes the flower of the family.

At the Fifteenth Amendment celebration in Louisville a banner inscribed "God made us men," was borne by a wagon filled with woman.

It was an apt answer of a young lady who was asked where was her native place, replied: "I have none; I am the daughter of a Methodist minister."

Eight kinds of kisses are mentioned in the Scriptures: The kisses of Salutation, Valediction, Reconciliation, Subjection, Approbation, Adoration, Treachery and Affection.

A Sunday School teacher asked a little girl who was the first man. She answered that she didn't know. The question was then put to an Irish girl, who answered, "Adam, sir," with apparent satisfaction. "La!" said the first child, "you needn't feel so about it—he wasn't an Irishman!"

In order to amuse the children on a Sabbath, a lady was engaged in reading from the Bible the story of David and Goliath, and coming to the passage in which Goliath so boastingly and deffantly dares the young strippling, a little chap, almost in his first trousers, said: "Sister, skip that, skip that, he's blowing! I want to know who licked."

AN IRISH DOCTOR OUTWITTED.—An Irishman, suffering severely from the toothache, called upon a witty and distinguished dentist of his native land to have the tooth extracted.

"Oh, doctor, darlin', I'm sufferin' terribly, can you aise the pain?" "Sit down here," said the doctor, "and I'll fix you all right in a jiffy." "Docther, dear, will it hurt me much?" "If it don't," said the doctor, jocosely, "I won't charge you a cent." The poor fellow opened his mouth and in a twinkling the doctor had hold of the offending member, and gave it such a twitch in drawing it that his patient gave a jump and a scream. "Did it hurt you much?" asked the doctor, as the poor sufferer was hobbling round. "*Not* a bit, docther, not a bit." "What!" exclaimed the astonished doctor. "Oh, not a bit." The doctor concluded he was cuchered out of his fee that time, sure.

Authorities on Advertising.

"Without advertising I should be a poor man to-day."—*H. T. Helmbold.*

"My success is owing to my liberality in advertising."—*Bonner.*

"Advertising has furnished me with a competence."—*Amos Lawrence.*

"I advertised my productions and made money."—*Nicholas Longworth.*

"Constant and persistent advertising is a sure prelude to wealth."—*Steven Girard.*

"He who invests one dollar in business should invest one dollar in advertising."—*A. T. Stewart.*

"P. T. Barnum, the noted exhibitor, ascribes his success in accumulating a million of dollars in ten years to the unlimited use of printer's ink."

"A man who is liberal in advertising is liberal in trade, and such a man succeeds, while his neighbor, with just as good goods, fails and drops out of the market."—*Horace Greeley.*

MODERATE AND EXCESSIVE DRINKING.—Rev. Wm. Goodell thus declares in reference to the various shades of drinking: "Which is most destructive of human health and life, drunkeness or moderate drinking? Most people will answer drunkenness. But what are the facts? A man may get drunk—as some do—once a month, vomit out the poison, sleep off the effects and be sober all the rest of the month, drinking nothing till the fit comes on again. Such a man man may do more business, do it better, preserve better health, live longer than the 'moderate drinker,' who never gets drunk, never gets down, never vomits out the poison, keeps it all within him, adding a little to it daily till it undermines his constitution, so that he readily falls a prey to all manner of diseases, without vitality enough to recover from them. He dies a moderate drinker, never suspected of intemperance, much less ranked among the drunkards, yet losing his life in consequence of his 'moderate' drinking. Scientific and experienced physicians entertain these views, and are of opinion that more than half of those who fall in consequence of drinking alcoholic liquors die before they become drunkards."—*Herald of Health.*

THE CHINESE MIND.—Lord Elgin says, the distinguishing characteristic of the Chinese mind is this: That at all points of the circle described by man's intelligence, it seems occasionally to have caught a glimpse of heaven far beyond the range of its ordinary ken and vision. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to military supremacy when it invented gunpowder some centuries before the discovery was made by any other nation. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to maritime supremacy when it made at a period equally remote, the discovery of the mariner's compass. It caught a glimpse of the path which leads to literary supremacy when, in the tenth century, it invented the printing-press. It has caught, from time to time, glimpses of the beautiful in color and design. But, in the hands of the Chinese themselves, the invention of gunpowder has exploded in crackers and harmless fireworks. The mariner's compass has produced nothing better than the coasting-junk. The art of printing has stagnated into stereotyped editions of Confucius; and the most cynical representations of the grotesque have been the principal products of Chinese conceptions of the sublime and beautiful.